

Batchelor The Willing
Batchelor's Garland;

Beautify'd with several Excellent

New Songs. 81

The Willing Batchelor.

The young Man's Courtship to his beautiful
Cloe.

The Maid's Answer.

Moggy's Lamentation for *Jockey's* going to the
Wars.

The jolly Breeze; or, The Crystal Streams.





The Willing Batchellor's Garland.

The Willing Batchelor  *To a New Tune.*

COME hither my sweet Melancholy,
For now 'tis high Time to be jolly,
For *Cupid's* grown Poor, and *Venus* turn'd Whore,
And the World it is full of it's Folly.

Once I did love a fair Creature,
Twas not for her Wit, but good Nature,
But now she is gone like a Fog in a Morn,
Let her go, and Pox take her Picture.

I lov'd her more dear than my Sister,
Tenthousand Times o'er have I kiss'd her,
I gave her Gold Rings, and a thousand fine Things,
But yet for all that I have mist her.

Those Words in her Mouth were common,
She would marry my self or no Man,
But away she is flown, like a Hawk from the Moon
So fickle a Thing is a Woman.

My Closter it shall be my Study,
A House and a Grove that is Woody,
For during my Life, I'll ne'er have a Wife,
For she makes a Man's Brains to grow muddy.

Sweet

Sweet Musick shall be my Bed-fellow,
 Choice Books shall be my soft Pillow,
 Instead of a Horn, my Head I'll adorn,
 With a Garland made of the green Willow.

So I will ne'er doat on a Woman,
 For she will be true unto no Man,
 She's fickle I find and will change like the Wind,
 And constant she'll prove unto no one.



The young Man's Courtship to his beautiful Cloe.

Dear lovely Charmer, tell me the Reason,
 Why to your Lover you are so unkind,
 Love does alarm me, and so you charm me,
 To love no other I never am inclin'd.

Molly now tell me, what makes you slight me
 Why do you keep me your Captive Slave,
 If you'll be my Jewel, be not so cruel,
Molly your Love it is all that I crave.

Angel like Creature, why do you triumph,
 Over my poor Heart with Scorn and Disdain,
 Those lovely Graces, and kind Embraces,
 Let me enjoy and give Ease to my Pain.

Uropa

Europa was fair, and *Jove* he did court her,
 Yet the fair Maid at the first she seem'd coy,
 'Till Love's soft Pleasure, gain'd all the Treasure
 Then the fair Maid all the Sweets did enjoy.

Cupid be kind, and in Love assist me,
 Never let her triumph over a poor Swain,
 Learn her her Duty, then I her Beauty,
 Soon shall enjoy, she no longer disdain.



The Maid's Answer.

UNgrateful Man for to complain,
 To say your *Molly* is unkind,
 Your hard lamenting, and your relenting,
 Never shall change me in another Mind.

Your subtle Art shall never betray me,
 I'll never marry, whatever me betide,
 If you enjoy me, then you decoy me,
 I'll never consent, 'till I am your Bride.

You call to *Cupid* for to assist you,
 His Darts and Arrows I still do desie.
 If you are complaining, I'll be disdainig,
 Far from your Sex I am resolved to fly.

*Moggy's Lamentation for Jockey's going to
the Wars.*

OH my charmy *Jockey*,
Close in my Arms I'll lock thee,
Never to see the Wars again,
Nor hear the sounding Trumpet,
In the cold Shades we'll sport and play,
Laugh all Night and kiss all Day,
What have we to do with *Germany* or *Spain*,
What the D--l shall we get if either of 'em gain
Had not you better in *Scotland* remain,
With your *Moggy*.

What will e'er come on it,
If thou should quit thy Bonnet,
And thy Plad so rich and gay,
Jockey do not venture,
To hear the hissing Bullets fly,
Hear Men groan and see them die,
Leave the Wars like Fury,
Dearest *Jockey* I thee beg,
I shall ne'er endure thee,
When thou gettest a wooden Leg,
The D--l may cure you for thy old Spouse *Peg*,
My dear *Jockey*.

Can you leave your Cattle,
Honour to gain in Battle, Can

Can you leave your good Milch Cows,
 And your tender Lamb-Skins too,
 Besides I alone must Lie,
 Without dear *Jockey's* Company,
 What have we to do, &c.

Jockey do not leave me,
 For forely it will grieve me,
 To think you should go to the Wars
 You have no Business with Foreigners,
 To hear the thundering Canons roar,
 See Men lying in purple Gore,
 O think what a Grief it must be unto me,
 When you dear *Jockey* are beyond Sea,
 So pray stay at home in *Scotland* with me,
 My dear *Jockey*.

You talk of Gain and Riches,
 The Devil you bewitches,
 Surely you had better stay at Home,
 And be content with what's your own;
 For all their Galloons they've gotten they say
 And have sent their Store another Way,
 Now what have we to do with, &c.

Jockey be not cruel,
 For the Wars to leave your Jewel,
 You're not sure whether you will gain,
 A wooden Leg or a golden Chain, There

Therefore now pray stay at Home,
 And after Fancies do not Roam,
 Now what have we to do with *Germany* or *Spain*
 Or what a D--l do we get if either of them gain,
 Had not you better remain at Home,
 With your *Moggy*.



The jolly Breeze ; or, The Crystal Streams.

THE Jolly Jolly Breeze,
 That comes whistling through the Trees,
 Forth a——ll her blisful Region brings,
 Perfu——mes upon her spicy Wings ;
 And with her wan wan wan wan wan Motion,
 Curling, cur cur cur curling her Crystal Blis,
 That down down down down down down the Hills,
 Are still still running, still still running, still still running
 Still still running down the golden Gravels purling.

Fair *Cynthia*, *Cynthia* said,
 Sure the Time has been delay'd ;
 Or I tho——se curling Joys had felt,
 Be——fore fifteen ; ah, how I melt,
 In Love's alluring Pleasures,
 Ever while while Kisses like Honey falls,
 Can pierce pierce pierce pierce pierce pierce the Walls,
 Of Love's strong Tower when he enters.

The golden golden Dreams,
 Of the pleasant Crystal Streams

Sweet

Sweet—ens my Fancy with Delight;
 But so—on those Shadows takes their Flight;
 When I from Sleep awake,
 Breathing breath breath breathing no more I hear,
 While my my my my my my my Dear,
 Lovely fair *Cynthia*, *Cynthia* flying.

My panting panting Heart,
 Wounded with a golden Dart,
 Lies Bleed—ing on Love's Altar here;
 Why i—s my Shepherd so severe,
 Cannot my Passion move him:
 Cruel, cru cru cru cruel thou art I find,
 To leave leave leave leave leave thy Love behind,
 In this lone lonesome Bower weeping.

The pleasant pleasant Plums
 Of the spicy sweet Perfumes,
 My youth—ful Senses did insnare,
 I no—ught the height of Joys was there,
 Among the balmy balmy Kisses,
 Twining twine twine twining about my Waist,
 But now now now now now no more I taste,
 Of those Joys, for *Serephon* he has left me.

10 JU 52

The Willow Garland bring,
 While with mournful Notes I sing
 The Me—lancholy Strains of Love,
 Since *Sre—phon* does disloyal prove,
 And slights his former Jewel,
 Glory glo glo glo glory I find find is fled,
 That on on on on on on on my Head.

F I N I S.